

## LOVE and MARRIED LIFE

by the noted author  
Idah McGlone Gibson

A CLASH WITH MADAME GORDON. Charles had hardly left the room after I had told him that he was to take orders from one except me, when my telephone rang. Answering, I recognized John's mother's voice. "I would like to speak to Mrs. Gordon," she said in a peremptory tone. "This is Mrs. Gordon," I answered, sweetly, without any intimation that I knew who was speaking. "Oh, is that you, Katherine? I didn't recognize your voice. Do you know where Charles is?"

"Not just at present, but I imagine he is around the doorway of the hotel," I said. "Will you call a boy and ask him to ask Charles to come up after me? I have some shopping to do this afternoon."

My quick temper flew off at a tangent. That old woman had never asked about her own grandchild, had not even welcomed me home, nor seemed to care why I was at the hotel instead of in my own rooms. Of course I understood that she had seen Elizabeth Moreland, or she would not have known that I was at the hotel and the fact that John's mother—had probably taken Elizabeth Moreland's side of the question instead of mine, made me so furious for the moment that I could hardly speak.

TO GAIN TIME. Mere to gain time than anything else, I said: "Please excuse me for a moment. I hear Miss Parker asking me something about the baby."

Even then she did not ask about Mary. I went into the other room and took a look at my child's darling face, because I knew that it would prove a more compelling draught than anything else that I could take.

I presume I was gone a long while, possibly two or three minutes, for I found upon taking the receiver from the table that Mrs. Gordon had hung up. I decided that it was not up to me to call her, but I did not expect that, having given her orders to me, she completely hung up her wire, expecting the car immediately.

I waited near the phone for a few moments and then remembered Miss Parker had told me that in our hurry to leave the train we had left a bag containing all the toilet articles. "I am not sure," said Miss Parker, "whether they were left on the train or in the car."

I called Charles and just as he came to my room the telephone rang again. Miss Parker went to the phone and I heard her say, "Yes, these are Mrs. Gordon's rooms and I am after a silence. This is Mrs. Gordon."

During the season when fish are "in" and comparatively cheap, the United States bureau of fisheries advises housekeepers to can or salt fish for winter use.

The process is somewhat complicated but if followed carefully success is assured.

Coarse-scaled, thick fishes should be skinned. The head and backbone are removed. Thin-skinned fishes should be scaled.

TO CAN FISH. "Cut the fish into strips to fit the length of the jars. Rub with dry salt, using one tablespoonful to each pint jar of fish. Fill the jars with the pieces packed as tightly as possible, put on rubber rings and place the caps on the jars loosely, so that the steam may escape. Put no water in the jars. Cook in a pressure cooker for one hour and one-half after steam pressure registers 15 pounds or the temperature 250 degrees. Tighten the caps of the jars and permit cooling. Use the cooker as directed by the makers.

TO SALT FISH. "Having dressed and washed fish in water containing a little salt, taking particular care to remove the blood near the backbone, cure them as follows:

"Place a layer of coarse salt on the bottom of a tight keg, barrel or other suitable vessel, and on this spread a layer of fish, one deep. Sprinkle salt thickly over these and add another layer of fish. Repeat until the barrel is full or the supply of fish is exhausted.

"The success of the operation will depend on using fresh fish, exercising care in the salting and the proper mixing of the brine, and on keeping the barrel tight and the fish covered with a strong brine."

There may be as good fish in the sea as ever were caught, but they are plentiful! MARY.

LITTLE BENNY'S Note Book

By LEE PAPE

I was setting on our front steps watching the fellows play ball in the street, me not getting in on account of expecting to hear our supper bell ring any minute, and all of a sudden Benny Martin yelled, "Cheese it, cheese it!"

Meeting Flatfoot the cop turning around the corner and starting to walk down looking mad, and the fellows all stopped playing and ran a mile a minute, me just keeping on setting there thinking, I ain't going to run, he can't do anything to me, I wasn't even playing how can he do anything to me? And I kept on setting there and Flatfoot kept on getting neerer and neerer and I kept on getting neerer and neerer thinking, O well, I wasn't in it, I'm innocent, wait rite I've got to worry?

Which just then Flatfoot stopped going past and made a grab at me and cawt a hold of the back of my blouse, saying, I've got you this time, you don't need to think you can put anything over on me by setting there like a statue in the park.

My, was the matter, was the matter, what did I do? I wasn't in it, I was the matter? I said and Flatfoot said you was in it, because I seen you in it, you come with me.

And he pulled me off of the steps and started to take me to the patrol box, me feeling worse and worse and wishing more and more I had ran too, and Flatfoot said, Well, I'll leave you go this time if you promise never to play ball in the street again.

Which I did, being easier to promise than to tell him how innocent I was all over again, and he left me go. Proving no matter how innocent you are, you're lucky if you don't have to prove it.

Swiss engineers have found a way to link the Black and Caspian Seas by boring a sixteen-mile tunnel.

## Tact, Not Nerve, Is Key to Success, Says Real Estate Saleswoman

Cleveland Girl Makes Good in Comparatively New Game for Women

CLEVELAND, O., Aug. 3.—The best real estate saleswoman in town is the title by which Miss Charlotte V. Cudney of Cleveland, is known. She sells a 30,000-foot factory site as easily and gracefully as a six-room bungalow.

"There is nothing manly about this charming young woman, who has been in business for herself for almost two years, and has made a success of what is a comparatively new profession for women. She was one of the pioneers, and when she strayed from the beaten path of stereotyped professions for women, heads were wagged and men were skeptical as to what a girl would do in the real estate business. Now she is one of the acknowledged leaders in the local field."

WOMEN KNOW WHAT WOMEN WANT.

"Women are admirably fitted for real estate work," says Miss Cudney, "because they know what a woman wants and needs in a home. The housewife will notice the wall space, convenience of closets and locations of cupboards, where as a man is concerned with the basement, the construction and the furnace, and pays no attention to small, but important details."

It is not so much salesmanship, that is required in real estate business, she contends, as the knack of fitting homes to people.

"Most people know what they want. It's our business to give it to them. If a client desires a house with four bedrooms, it is a waste of time and temper to show one to him with three or perhaps six."

Miss Cudney is specializing in the house-selling end of real estate. In her opinion, women will eventually dominate that part of the game. Her recipe for success is hard work every minute of the day, and stick-to-it-iveness. Tact, not nerve, she says, is required and above all, perfect fairness and honesty with people.

"Give people the right things and they will boost you," she is slogan.

SHOULD BE MORE WOMEN ARCHITECTS.

Miss Cudney thinks there should be more women architects. If there were, it would be easier to sell real estate, she asserts. Many a sale has been lost because of the poor arrangement of electric lights, or badly planned wall space.



Miss Cudney's dream is to some day build houses as well as to sell them.

"A woman knows so much better what another woman wants in her home," Miss Cudney said. "A woman architect would never put a radiator in a large wall space, thus ruining the way men seem to have a perfect man for doing—when it would better fit under the window."

## BEDTIME STORIES

BY HOWARD R. GARIS

UNCLE WIGGLY'S CONCERT.

"Let's go to the movies tonight, Uncle Wiggly," suggested Nurse Jane. "Fuzzy Wuzzy, the muskrat lady housekeeper, one evening after supper in the hollow stump bungalow."

"That will suit me all right," the bunny rabbit answered. "What sort of a picture is it?"

"Oh, it's something funny, about how frogs got spotted and why a camel wears humps," said the muskrat lady.

"Good," exclaimed Uncle Wiggly. Then he brushed some dust off his pink, twinkling nose and put a little stove polish on his tall silk hat and he and Miss Fuzzy Wuzzy were ready to go to the movies.

"This is rather queer," said Uncle Wiggly, as they neared the place. "What is asked Nurse Jane?"

"Why, I don't hear any music at the movie show," went on the bunny rabbit gentleman. "Most always Mr. Lightning Bug, who runs the place, has a nice concert to entertain us, besides the pictures. I wonder what can have happened?"

"It is strange," agreed Nurse Jane. And when they reached the big, hollow stump and went inside, it was stranger still not to have any music.

"What's the trouble?" asked Uncle Wiggly of Grandpa Goosey Gander, who there a strike among the musicians?"

"No," answered Grandpa Goosey. "But the lousy on which they were playing, for some reason, has broken down, so Mr. Mocking Bird, the leader, telephoned, and they won't be able to get here to play tonight."

"Oh, how can we have no music," said Nurse Jane, sadly. "It doesn't seem so," quacked Grandpa Goosey.

"I am very sorry, friends," said Mr. Lightning Bug, who had come down, but I can't give you a concert this evening."

He made this little speech standing down in front of the light from some of his fiery friends turned on him. Afterward the fireflies made light shine through the moving pictures on the screen. While the lights were out, on brightly Uncle Wiggly looked among the audience.

"There is no reason why we cannot have some music," said the bunny gentleman.

"How can we have it when there are no musicians here to give the concert?" asked Mr. Lightning Bug.

"Ah, but we have plenty of musical folk among the audience!" laughed Uncle Wiggly. "Jollie and Jille Longtail, the mice, can squeak as well as any fife. Johnnie and Billie Bushytail, the squirrels, can chatter like canary birds, almost. I hear some crickets outside, and they can chirp. Billy and Bawly No Tail, the frog boys, will go 'Umph-Umph' like the big drum, and many others will help make a concert!"

"Oh, yes! Let's make our own music!" cried the animal friends.

"Very well, you may try," said Mr. Lightning Bug.

"All ready! Start!" called Uncle Wiggly, waving his red, white and blue striped rheumatism crutch.

So the crickets chirped. The frog boys went 'Umph-Umph' like a drum. Some grasshoppers came in and played like fiddlers on their left hind legs. The squirrel boys chattered loud and shrill like birds. Jackie and Peetle Bow Wow, the dogs, howled the high notes like trombones, and Sammie and Susie Littlebell, the rabbits, hollowed out a pumpkin, strung some strings of grass over the open end, and Neddie and Beekie Stubbail, the bear boy and girl, picked the strings with their long claws making music like a banjo.

"How in the world can you make music like this?" cried Uncle Wiggly as some three toads whistled softly.

"It is a fine concert," said Grandpa Goosey, "and he and Nurse Jane and all the others enjoy the pictures much more, now that there was music."

Everything was going along fine, and nobody thought of danger when, all of a sudden, the music came to a stop. Uncle Wiggly was in the movies and was going to get the bunny's souse, the Skuddlemagoon was.

But just then the concert musicians began to play some sweet, sad music, and it made the Skuddlemagoon feel so ashamed of himself that he sneaked off in the dark and didn't try to get any souse at all. And everybody said the bunny's concert was just fine. So if the ice pick doesn't jump out of the refrigerator and try to poke holes in the mosquito screen, I'll tell you next about Uncle Wiggly and the squitter clam.

## HEALTH

BY UNCLE SAM, M. D.

Health Questions Will Be Answered If Sent to Information Bureau, U. S. Public Health Service, Washington, D. C.

of the treatment at the present time is an initial starvation until the sugar disappears from the urine. The original fast may last from ten days to ten days in length, but after that no fast need be longer than a day.

You will find the principles of this newer treatment discussed in a book by John Outtelle, "The Diabetes Manual." This book can be obtained through any medical book dealer, or possibly in your public library.

While the principles of this treatment may be understood by a person having diabetes, it is obvious that it can be successfully carried out only under the supervision of a competent physician.

## JUST FOLKS

By Edgar A. Guest

WHEN THE GOOD FRIENDS DROP IN.

It may be I'm old-fashioned, but the times I like the best, Are not the splendid parties with the town, but the quiet times when a few good friends drop in.

And the music tuned for dancing and the laughter of the throng, With a paid comedian's antics or a hired singer's song.

But the quiet times of friendship, with the chuckles and the grin, And the circle at the fireside when a few good friends drop in.

There's something round the fireplace that no club can imitate, And no throng can ever equal just a few folks near the grate.

Though sometimes there's a bit of opera, there's no music quite so sweet As the singing of the neighbors that you're always glad to meet.

Oh, I know where they come calling, and the fun will soon begin, And I'm happiest those evenings when a few good friends drop in.

There's no pomp of preparation, there's no style or sham or fuss. We are glad to welcome callers who are glad to be with us.

And we sit around and visit or we start a merry game, And we show them by our manners that we're mighty pleased they came.

For there's something real about it, and the yarns we love to spin, And the time flies, oh, so swiftly, when a few good friends drop in.

Let me live my life among them, cheerful, kindly folks and true, And let me see no greater glory till my time of life is through.

Let me share the love and favor of the few who know me best, And let me spend my time contented till my sun sinks in the west.

I'll take what fortune sends me and the little I may win, And be happy on those evenings when a few good friends drop in.

—By ALLMAN

## ADVENTURES OF THE TWINS

BY OLIVE ROBERTS BARTON

TINGLING'S JOKE. Munchie Mouse was sending up Oscar Owl's earlobe on the dumb-waiter, when Tingaling, the fairyman, burst in. As he was still wearing Oliver Oriole's nightgown, which he happened to have on when he fell off the maple tree, the fairyman was anxious to get upstairs again without being seen.

Munchie had just pulled the rope, and the dumb-waiter had started to rise, when Tingaling gave a great bound and landed right beside the can, to Munchie's great astonishment.

Now, right on the side of the garbage can, two large letters were painted, and these letters were O. O., which you know, and I know, stood for Oscar Owl, but Tingaling never thought of that! He thought that O. O. stood for Oliver Oriole, to whose house he was returning, and a sudden thought struck him.

"Why not play a little joke on Oliver Oriole?" he cried, thinking it was Munchie Mouse himself, because he didn't see very well in broad daylight.

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## TODAY IN HISTORY

SLIGHTLY JAZZED

Were Stephen Dolet, "scholar and typographer," alive today, he would be in line for presidential nomination, for, somehow, we do not seem to be able to pick a candidate these days without picking on a reformed prisoner.

However, Dolet died 374 years ago, August 3, 1546, at the special request of various dignitaries he had lampooned in one of his famous books, which he wrote, set up and printed.

He was condemned to death for the ostensible crime of having given a "false translation to a line from Plato," by which standard half the college students of this country could be sent to the chair every day during the school year. Dolet was too far ahead of his times to be very permanent citizen of his country, France.

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## PRECIOUS LIQUID

"Gasoline continues to smell worse."

"I'm glad of it," declared Mr. Chug-gins. "If the odor were made agreeable, they'd proceed immediately to charge perfumery prices."—Washington Star.

HE DELIGHTS NOT IN SACRIFICE. Hattie—Nubb's bride worship him, doesn't she? Hattie—Well, she places burnt offerings before him three times a day.—Life.

A CREDITABLE ACT. Maud—I'll give Jack credit for getting me a nice engagement ring. Marie—I understand that's what the jeweler did, too.—Boston Transcript.

"SCHOONER" WAS AMPLE EVIDENCE OF ITS AGE. (By International News Service) WASHINGTON, D. C.—A postcard mailed in Wildwood, N. J., on August 7, 1907, was thirteen years reaching its destination in Philadelphia and the police of the Eighteenth district there have asked the post office department to explain.

This card, sent by an anonymous person, is addressed to Thomas Smith, an Eighteenth district policeman who died about five years ago. It bears the picture of a girl sitting on a huge schooner of beer.

NO KISSING, SAYS JUDGE. (By International News Service) LINCOLN, Ill.—If you enter Judge Rudolph's court here you will find a sign reading: "Kissing forbidden in these precincts." In other words, osculation is taboo in Judge Rudolph's court. The judge, 76 years old, is an exception to the rule. He objects to being kissed. It all came about this way. Two gypsy women arrested on a vagrancy charge, acquitted in court, were overcome with gratitude they insisted on showering him with kisses for his fairness. But thinking it over the next day and evidently displeased with the sensations, Judge Rudolph posted the sign that conclusively indicated where he stands on the issue.

THE SCAPE OF THE SOUTH AMERICAN. The sap of the South American chicle tree is the source of the chewing gum of the United States.

## DOINGS OF THE DUFFS—Tom Should Worry About Going Aw ay to Keep Cool.

TOM, I WANT TO HAVE A TALK WITH YOU AFTER WHILE ABOUT WHERE WE ARE GOING ON OUR VACATION!

I'LL THINK IT OVER AGAIN.

BATH ROOM.

I'VE NAMED OVER EVERY PLACE AND THING I CAN THINK OF BUT NOTHING SEEMS TO SUIT HER—

OH HEL-LO!

I THINK I'LL TAKE MY VACATION RIGHT HERE AT HOME!

